Intelligence Report

BACK AGAIN . . . WITH A HOT DISCLOSURE STORY PHONED FROM WEST BERLIN LAST NIGHT THAT RANKS WITH THE MOST IMPORTANT THAT IT HAS EVER PUBLISHED.

Introduction by SEFTON DELMER

AFTER 11 years of work for the Soviet Government the group of German V1 and V2 men rounded up in 1945 have been repatriated by the Russians . . . and with them priceless information concerning the great scientific revolution the Russians have accomplished since the war.

To one of the most distinguished among them, Hans Kuhl—high-frequency and electronics expert of the German Telefunken concern—I hand over Intelligence Report. His story holds immense significance in the scientific struggle between East and West.

Russia's other revolution—the one on now, I mean

by HANS KUHL

GERMAN SCIENTIST JUST RETURNED FROM WORKING 11 YEARS WITH THE RUSSIANS

VODKA and red wine. Red wine and vodka. It kept coming and coming.

Our Soviet hosts were determined to make a really big do of this party. They were saying goodbye to us—the last group of German V2 men and electronic guidance experts to be leaving Russia after 11 years of forced technical labour.

Suddenly Alexander Sergeyevitch came up to me with a glass in his hand.

Sergeyevitch was the head of the Physical Research Institute at Suchumi, a pleasant little spa on the Black Sea Riviera, deep down in the Caucasus.

We had been quarantined there for the last two years in an effort by the Russians—quite surprisingly successful too—to make us forget most of the secret work we had been doing for them before. Alexander Sergeyevitch flung an arm around my shoulders.

"Gans Gansovitch," he said, using the Russian-style name he had given me. "If you were to be invited to the Soviet Union for a conference of scientists in a few years' time, would you accept? Would you come?"

QUESTION

I COULD see that this was a question that he had been ordered from above to put to me.

"It would be an honour and a privilege," I replied. "Nothing would please me better."

But as we clinked glasses and drank on it my conscience said: "Hans, you old hypocrite. You will never dream of stepping inside Russia again once you are out."

My conscience was wrong. Now that I am safely back in the West, back among the neon lights, the shiny cars, and the prosperous, plenty-loaded shop windows of West Berlin, I am certain that, if I am invited to Russia for that conference, I shall want to go—with all the ravening curiosity of a scientist.

For in the 11 years my German colleagues and I worked with them I have seen the Russians achieve the most portentous revolution of this century of revolutions. Nothing less than the introduction of the Soviet Union and its primitive Mongol millions to the Space Age.

I should like to go back to Russia in a few years' time to see how it continues. And when I do so I shall feel a little like a schoolmaster taking a look to see how his old pupils are getting on.

That is not boastful or immodest. It is the realistic truth. For it is we Westerners and we Germans in particular who have given the main impulse to this Russian progress from comparative backwardness to the Sputnik.

WEAPONS

THE West has done so, first with the new weapons and machines of all kinds sent to Russia under Lease-Lend from the United States and from Britain during the war, and, second, with the import to the Soviet Union after the war of 50,000 German technicians, scientists, and specialists of all kinds, together with the dismantled machinery of their factories.

I am not for a moment, of course, suggesting that Russia's achievements are just one big free gift from the West. On the contrary.

It is only the hard work, the concentration, and the ingenuity of the Russians—and their extraordinary readiness to subordinate all personal interests and personal pleasures to their work—that is making possible the full exploitation of the Western contribution.

That and a capacity for planning and organisation which anyone judging Russia from the standards of chaotic and seemingly haphazard everyday life in the Soviet would never think possible.

To me the detailed character of Soviet planning was first brought home on the morning of June 15, 1945, with an abrupt knock on the door of the house I was living in, in the little town of Jueterbog outside Berlin.

I looked out of the window. A young Soviet lieutenant was waiting for me in an American Lease-Lend Jeep.

It had never occurred to me that the Russians would come after me and dig me out. But the Russians were after the V1 and the V2 and everyone connected therewith.

They went through the personnel list at the Telefunken headquarters, where I had been working on electronic guidance and control apparatus for Hitler's V2 rocket.

They established me with my wife and her mother near their own special technical research headquarters at Hohen-Schoenhausen outside Berlin to work with other engineers and German-speaking Soviet experts.

Methodically the Russians went over all the blueprints of the various radar and electronic control units, not only for the V1 and the V2, but for everything else.

We were made to construct, reconstruct, repair, and explain. I even had to accompany their officers to the V2 base at Peenemunde to scavenge there for instruments and parts among the debris left by the bombing.

BERIA SEN.

THE STRANGE STORY OF BERIA'S SON

FOR me and my German colleagues the most intensive period in our work began when the son of Stalin's police chief, Lavrenti Beria, took charge of us in 1951. He made us part of a carefully selected super-collective of experts drawn from all the German research centres doing work in connection with the V2 and guidance systems. "Bubi" Beria, as we Germans had nicknamed him, was a gay, affable, rather dressy young fellow and a competent engineer, well up to his job. But that did not save him. When Papa Beria took the high jump in December 1953 Bubi vanished too, and with him other departmental chiefs.

WE MOVE

WE worked hard and we believed the Russians when they assured us that our work for them would remain in Germany only.

How wrong we were! Our awakening came at 3 a.m. on October 22, 1946. In common with 50,000 other German engineers and specialist workers, we woke up to find Soviet soldiers at our bedside and a furniture wagon at our front door.

Nine days later, all of them spent on the railway, we arrived at Monino, near Moscow.

We were taken to our new workshop-cum-home, an eighteenth century building at Lossino Petrovsk. There was not a machine or a tool in the place, nor even tables or chairs, or a desk at which to work.

The only furniture available was what we had brought with us from Germany. It looked like an appalling organisational breakdown. Maybe it was.

But I now think it was far more probably all part of the general Russian plan—a plan to make us build a whole new plant for the production of electronic control units and guidance apparatus for rockets and give our Soviet colleagues a chance to learn the whole thing from the bottom.

Most important: it compelled us to build instruments simpler, less complicated in construction, and therefore less expensive in manpower.

As we did this, more and more Soviet engineering students were brought in to work alongside us, study our methods, and learn what the Soviets no doubt supposed were our secrets.

The same thing was going on at other centres throughout the Soviet Union. Everywhere Germans were teaching the Russians, building new machines and instruments for them.

In Gorodomlia, an island on Lake Seliger, 180 miles from Moscow, a big team of rocket specialists from Peenemunde and Bleichrode were at work reconstructing V2 rockets and missiles.

TRIUMPHS

HAVE the Russians succeeded in getting ahead of the West? It is too early for me to say. I have not been back long enough to know how far Western science has advanced in the meantime.

But development is infinitely wider and deeper in Russia than it was when we came in 11 years ago, though it is still narrow compared with the West.

This foundation (1) is now wide enough for the Soviet Government to achieve real triumphs with projects to which it assigns super-priority; (2) is increasing in amplitude all the time as more and more engineers are trained, many of them by the men whom we trained; (3) will in due course be large enough to iron out the fantastic unevennesses in the quality of Soviet industrial production which still mark its present inferiority to the West.

Yes, I freely confess that if that invitation comes from my former Russian colleagues to visit the Soviet Union I shall be glad to accept it. I know there will be a lot to see that is surprising and new.

TARGET

C	M	Y
D	A	E
M	I	I

HOW many words of four letters or more can you make from the letters in the square on the left? In making each word, the letters in each of the small squares may be used once only. Each word *must* contain the large letter in the centre square, and there *must* be at least one nine-letter word in the list. No plurals; no foreign words; no proper names. TODAY'S TARGET: 14 words, *good*; 17 words, *very good*; 21 words, *excellent*. Solution tomorrow.

YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION: Egress EGRESSION engross eosin genesis gesso gneiss gnosis gorse grass ingress ness noise nose noser ogress oster resign resin rinse rise risen rose rosin seen seer seine seiner seise senior sense sere serge series serin siere sign sine sing singe singer sire siren sneer snore song sore.

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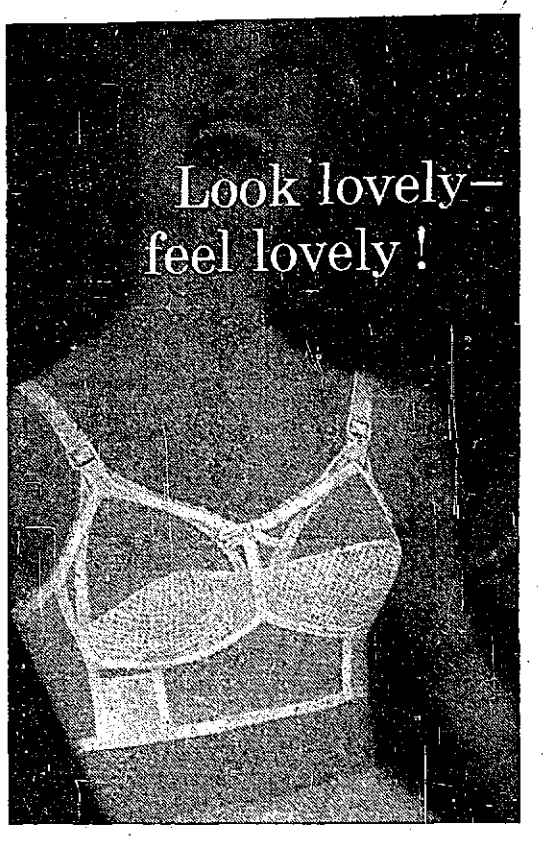

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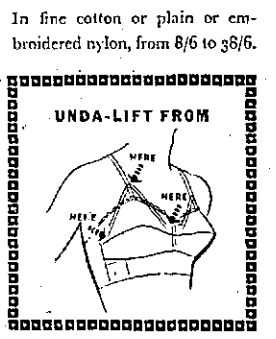

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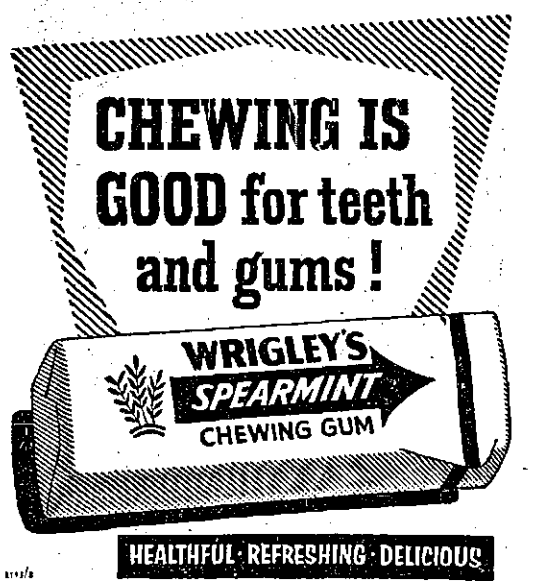

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